

JINGLING JOHNSON ILLUSTRATES THE HORRORS OF MOTOR BOATING

AT MIDNIGHT IN HIS MOTOR BOAT THE LONG SLIM CAPTAIN LAY, AND PRAYED HIS ANCHOR CABLE WOULD NOT PART AND GIVE AWAY. THE CREW WERE SICK, IN AGONY THEY LAY UPON THE FLOOR, AND VOWED THAT ONCE THEY GOT ASHORE THEY'D NEVER VENTURE MORE SQUEE!



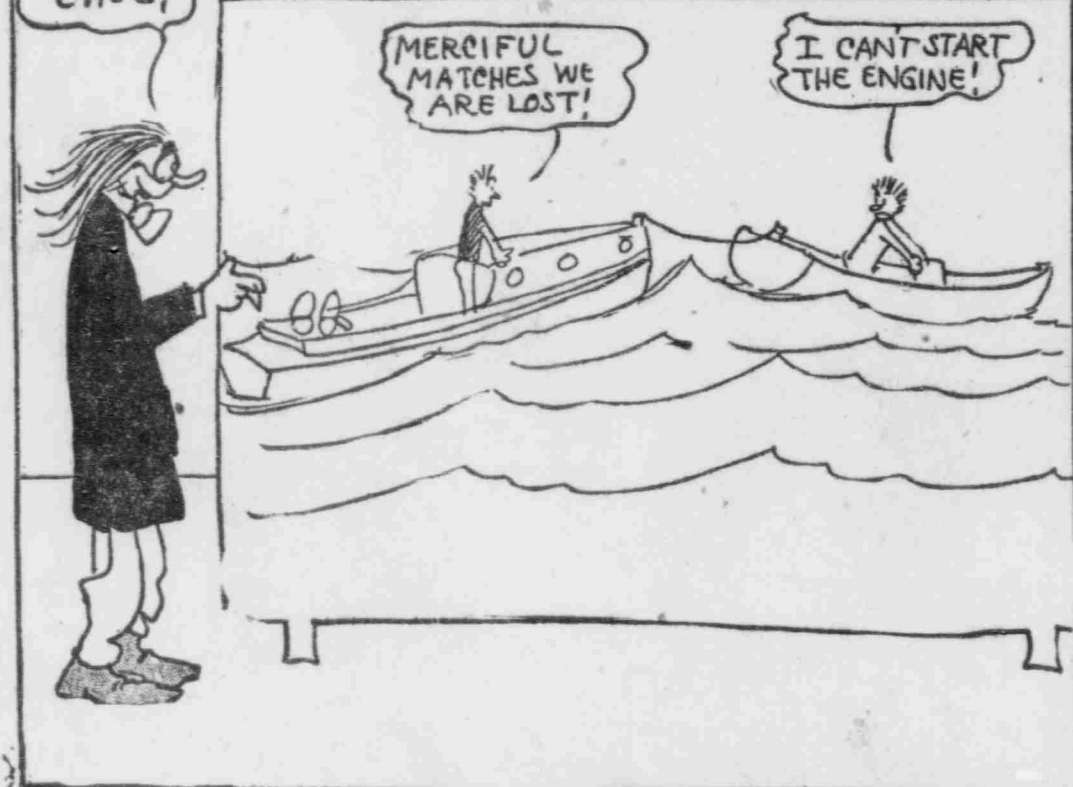
THEY TURNED THE ENSIGN UPSIDE DOWN, A SIGNAL OF DISTRESS. ONE LOAF OF BREAD, A CAN OF BEANS, IT WAS AN AWFUL MESS. HELP! AID! ASSISTANCE! SUCCOR, TOO! THE CREW DID WILDLY ROAR. THEN ONE PUT ON A LIFE PRESERVER AND HE SWAM ASHORE! WUMP!



HE REACHED THE SHORE AND TOLD HIS TALE. "TO OUR ASSISTANCE COME!" THE VILLAGERS DID STRETCH AND GAPE AND SAID "OH, HA-HO-HUM!" UP SPOKE A MAN - TEARS IN HIS EYES - A LUMP ROSE IN HIS THROAT, "I'LL RESCUE THEM, WE'LL START AT ONCE IN MY GOOD MOTOR BOAT. HA!



HE REACHED THE BOAT AND BENT A LINE AROUND THE TOWING POST. HE THEN HIS ENGINE TRIED TO START BUT IT GAVE UP THE GHOST. HE PULLED THE WHEEL AND PULLED THE WHEEL! GREAT SCOTT WHAT WILL I DO, WHERE THERE WAS ONE BOAT BROKEN DOWN, ALAS, WE NOW HAVE TWO! CHUG!



WITH DISH PANS, FLOOR BOARDS, FRYING PANS AND BOAT HOOK FOR AN OAR, THE CREW OF THESE TWO SHIPWRECKED BOATS DID SOMEHOW GET ASHORE. AND ON THE BEACH THEY MET A MAN BOTH PROSPEROUS AND CLEAN, I'M INVENTOR OF THE ENGINE, BOYS, THAT RUNS BY GASOLINE! SQUOG!



THE STARVING CREWS SPOKE NOT A WORD, WITH TEARS THEIR EYES WERE DIM. THEY GRABBED THIS FIEND IN HUMAN FORM - THAT WAS THE LAST OF HIM. IN JOY THEY CLAPPED THEIR HANDS AND CROWED, "OH, COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!" THEN KILLED HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS AND HIS OLD GRANDFATHER, TOO! SOAK HIM!



MUGGSY UNCORKS A "CON" GAME AND GOES TO THE COUNTY FAIR

